The Bourbon News.

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PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.

TOMMY AND GRANDPA.

Grandpa lay sleeping serenely
Where the shade of the maples was cast;
The hammock was swayed by the zephyrs
That kissed his high brow as they passed.
Perhaps he was dreaming of angels,
As Tommy played near him out there,
Chasing butterflies out of the flowers
And tossing his curls in the air.

The hose was attached to the hydrant,
With a full head of water turned on,
And the nozzle lay harmless, unnoticed,
Where the grass had grown brown on the lawn.
Dear grandpa, with one leg hung over
The side of the hammock, still swayed,
And the leaves fluttered gayly above him—
It was eighty or so in the shade.

A smile was on grandpa's glad features
When Tommy discovered the hose.
Perhaps he was dreaming of cherubs
Or beautiful fairies, who knows?
But the smile disappeared when sweet Tommy,
Forgetting that grandpa was there,
Stood carelessly letting the water
Squirt forty feet up in the air.

With a yell like a grown-up Comanche
Dear grandpa attempted to rise;
The water streamed under his collar
And into his ears and his eyes!
With a foot tangled up in the hammock
He leaped like a trout on a hook
And turned three flip-flaps without stopping
To pick out the course that he took.

A child who had stains on his features,
Whose eyes were still tearful and red,
Lay sobbing with sad recollections
And tossing alone in his bed.
His breast was o'erburdened with sorrow,
In his heart and elsewhere he was sore,
And he murmured: "I don't want to never
Go visitin' grandpa no more!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"No! that puts a new face on it," said Aunt Jane Mary, sitting up in bed. "What other strangers have been about the house?"

"Well, the lower-back didn't come until after the lock was broken, and, besides, he has splendid references, and there's no one else." Just here someone came hurriedly up the back stairs.

"Kin I git thet stew-pan, Miss Jane Mary?" said Glorianna.

"Oh, yes, there is!" said I, "I forgot," and Aunt Jane Mary and I looked at each other in silence.

I went about my work sad and silent. When my lower-front came in for her late dinner—everything was belated that day—she asked me if I had got the desk open.

"Yes," said I.

"Oh, that's all right," said she. Then she added, "Who is that thumping round on the floor over my room? It makes me dreadfully nervous."

"No one," said I. I have a proverbially quiet step, and no one ever went to Aunt Jane Mary's room but myself.

"Perhaps it's that new woman," said she.

"I don't think Glorianna had been in there until I came home. Do you mean lately?"

"No, I mean when you were away at the village. It sounded like the tramp of an elephant. If that's going on, I may as well leave at once."

Oh dear! Oh dear! Leave! How could she leave?

"I think I'll go this afternoon. You know you as much as gave me warning this morning, and on that account I need not pay for more than I have had, or longer than I have stayed."

"I was surprised to see you in very animated conversation with the lower-back!" said I, changing the subject to gain time.

"When?"

"As I drove back from the village with the ladies."

"What ladies?"

"Squire Darlington's sisters. They were going to the Hall."

"Were those his sisters?" She asked the question in the most interested manner. "Well, I thought one looked like—but what do you mean about the lower-back? He hasn't come, has he?"

"Why, I saw you talking with him as I drove past."

"Oh, was that your new boarder? Why, I thought he was the locksmith, he looked so shabby. He asked if you were at home, and I told him you were not, and then he asked whom he could see, and I told him there was a giant in the back yard who would answer his questions, and he laughed and ran around the house. Was that really your new boarder? Well, well!"

"The locksmith knew that I was behind him," said I.

"How should your new boarder know that, or how should I? I didn't know where you were. I haven't been at your heels all day."

"Oh, no," said I "If you had, then you would know a terrible thing that I have to tell you. I really don't know how I am to tell it."

"What can there be so terrible that you——" She suddenly stopped and gasped, and then arose and stood by the piazza rail in a dazed sort of way. She clutched it as she had before, and steadied herself by it. "Go on," she said. "Go on. What can you know—what can you have to——"

Again she looked at me with scared face. She had flushed crimson, as naturally pale persons sometimes do. "Go on."

"I suppose you suspect what it is from my anxiety," said I. "Your money is gone!"

I shall never forget the look of relief that overspread her features.

"Oh!" she said, "oh!" and suddenly sat down and hid her face in her hands. "I thought something had happened to mother or to Waldemar, or the lad. I thought—you can't tell how much you have relieved my mind. Only the money. Please don't frighten me that way again."

"It seemed to me the worst thing in the world."

"Why?"

"Because you might suspect me—or—or some one in the house. I haven't an idea where it is, but I know it's gone."

"Well, it does rather complicate matters. I suppose I'll have to stay until you find it."

"I suppose so, and that's worse than all."

"You're very complimentary," laughed Miss Dacres. "Well, of course you can understand that I cannot afford to go away without my money. I was counting on that to pay my board for ever so long. You can see that, can't you?"

"Yes, I can see that, of course. You don't think for a moment that I have taken it, do you?" I cried, the tears coming to my eyes.

"Your face is as good as a Trust Company," said she, laughing and showing her white teeth. "No, I should never dream of accusing you. In fact, I think it's dreadful to accuse anyone. Have you any plan to go upon?"

"No." said I, "unless I consult the police."

"I wouldn't do that yet," said she. "Perhaps it's only mislaid. My idea is that the old lady above stairs took it to frighten you."

"She couldn't get it," said I. "She can't get out of her bed alone."

"Oh, can't she? Tell that to the marine—I mean, I do not agree with you. She has given me evidence enough this morning that she can and will get out of bed when occasion offers."

"Absurd!" said I. "You don't know Aunt Jane Mary."

"And I'm sure you don't," said she.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said she.

"Well, you'll have to remain, I suppose, for the present," said I.

"I'll see about that," she answered. "It depends on how you treat me. I'm sure I'm very good to stay when I hadn't done anything to cause you such distrust of me."

"I must have your room swept tomorrow," said I. "Can you go out for a while?"

"I don't know why my room should be swept to-morrow. I've been here only 24 hours all told. Besides, I don't want that little vixen"—she nodded her head towards the kitchen—"in my room."

"You came so suddenly, and your shoes, you remember, were muddy." I thought she gave an impatient jerk of the shoulders at my remark, but she said nothing.

"No, I can't sweep your room tomorrow, after all. I must go to the funeral. I forgot that."

"Whose? Oh, yes, I know."

At about six o'clock I came down and found the parlor door open and the sun streaming in. Astonished at the freedom of some one, I knew not who, I went in at the door. There I found Mr. Beldon sitting, reading the Star Union. He jumped up as I came in, and stood while I said:

"Are you ready for your tea now?"

"Yes," said he, "that's what I'm waiting for." I preceded him into the dining-room, where a light meal had been laid. He seated himself, saying, "First rate! Just what I like!" and fell to.

"You seem to have got over your horror of my boarder," said I, to make conversation.

"How is that?" said he, looking up quickly.

"Why, when I drove past here this morning, going to the Hall, I saw you apparently in deep conversation with her."

"Was that your other boarder? I thought it was one of the family. I asked her how soon she thought you would get back."

"She said you posed as the locksmith."

"Oh, no! she couldn't have said that."

"Well, she said she thought you were the locksmith."

"That's a different matter. Very complimentary, I'm sure. Now, another cup of that nice tea, and I'm off to old Haight's dungeon. You don't know how he works us fellows."

I saw him run lightly down the steps in the dusk, jump on his wheel, and spin down the road. I went into his room. He had been on the bed, but not in it. I called Glorianna to help me tidy the room. There were bits of newspaper lying about and scraps of letter-paper, with Star Union at the top and parts of articles such as young men write, or as I suppose they write, for the daily journals.

At seven I gave Miss Dacres her supper, and then sat down to rest, but there was no rest for me. Aunt Jane Mary called me. Then I had to settle an argument between Baldy and Glorianna, and by the time I got to bed I was very tired and slept like a log.

I got up early the next morning and went into Aunt Jane Mary's room.

"Do you know what?" said she, sitting up in bed, the rabbit's ears sticking up in apparent exposition of the horror of her soul.

"Do I know what?"

"Yes, do you know what? That girl's a boy."

"What girl? Glorianna? How absurd! Why, we've known Glorianna——"

"Glorianna. I should think not—Glorianna! No, the lower-front. She's a boy."

I looked at Aunt Jane Mary in amaze! "How do you know?" said I.

"Cigarette smoke. I thought so last night, now I know it."

"Nonsense," said I. "It might be the lower-back or Baldy Towner. You forget that we have two real men in the house now."

"You told me the lower-back went into the city for the night, and Baldy Towner sleeps over the stable—what used to be the stable."

"Yes," said I, sighing—"what used to be the stable. Well, if the wind was this way——"

"Sophronia Willoughby Brathwaite! You know no man was ever

"DO YOU KNOW THAT GIRL'S A BOY?"

allowed to smoke in that barn, not in the Judge's time, nor yet in mine."

"He might have done it all the same," said I. "We have to shut our eyes to a great deal in this world."

"That's true," said Aunt Jane Mary. "But there's one thing you can't shut if you try, not unless you put a clothespin on it, and that's your nose; the smell came right up through the floor."

"Perhaps Mr. Beldon came home early, and it was he who smoked."

"He has no business to come home early. He said——"

"Oh, yes, he has," said I. "He has a right to use the room at any time. But Miss Dacres may even smoke and not be a boy."

"And look at her hair!" exclaimed Aunt Jane Mary, "and her slang! You'll never convince me she isn't a boy until——"

Aunt Jane Mary did not say when that time would come, and I must say that what she had given voice to stayed by me and had its effect on me to a certain degree.

"Miss Dacres has a boy's ways and tones and manners; and her hair! If I ever saw boy's hair, it is her short, coarse curls."

"Well," said I, "boy or no boy, she has got to stay until I find her money. I'm going to the funeral now, and when I come home I shall bring either John Sommers or his advice with me. You needn't mind any of them coming up to wait on you, there's nothing to steal." I sighed again. "Here's your bell," and I ran hurriedly down the stairs.

Aunt Jane Mary's bell rang before I got to the front door. I had put it too near her. I went back wearily.

"Well?" I exclaimed, somewhat impatiently, I fear.

"There's another thing. You run off so! I heard voices under my window last night."

"Oh, dear! Aunt Jane Mary, don't tell me of any more mysteries. I am so tired of them. Her brother came out to see her the night before last. Perhaps he came out last night. I can't help it. She may be a liar or a murderess, anything in the wide world, but here she must stay until I find that money," and I ran down the stairs again and ran out of the house and out of the gate and halfway to the Hall.

I found the people assembling in the great hall, but Miss Elizabeth sent Margot to tell me that she wanted to see me upstairs, that I was to come down with the family to the library. I went up as I was bid. Miss Elizabeth drew me into a small room off the chamber where her brother had died. She kissed me, and whispered in my ear, "They're here! I've found them. Just where I put them three years ago."

"What?" asked I in an awful whisper.

"The jewels," she whispered. "The jewels, my dear mother's rubies. I think those were what they were looking for, those wretches! And I think that in some way they compassed my poor brother David's death." She drew down the shade, closed the door, and locked it. Then she went to the fireplace. "Here," she said. "This upright slab was always loose. I often pulled it down as a child. When I went away, I drew it out so," she suited her action to her words. "I deposited this case within and then sealed it up with a little plaster-of-Paris. I took the rubies from a drawer in the library, a secret drawer; we all knew the secret. They were mine, as much as his, and you see now how wise I was. Had I not done so, those wretches would have had them today." She had in her hand the blue velvet case which I knew so well. She opened it, and even in that darkened room the wonderful rubies shone forth with a million dazzling rays. There was a knock at the door. Miss Elizabeth hurriedly replaced the case. "Yes, yes," she called, "I am coming; I will be there at once." She pushed the slab in place, stuck a folded piece of paper underneath the mantel to keep it firm, and then unlocked the door. Miss Evelyn stood there. "I was showing Sophronia where they have been hidden all these years," she whispered. "It is my belief that David never tried even to look at them after we left. And until he promised that Sister of Charity something of value he never thought of getting them out of that secret drawer. Then, too, he could not move, Margot says, and when they began to threaten him—oh, yes! Margot has told me all about it—he found what a foolish thing he had done, and would not tell them anything. David was always stubborn even if he died for it, and probably did. Poor David! Poor David! I wish he had died at peace with us." Miss Elizabeth wiped her eyes. "I was always at peace with him. But let us go down."

We decended the broad stairs. Dr. Williams met us at the foot in deep black, with the clergyman of Miss Elizabeth's old church, and we went into the library and sat while the service was read.

I went with them to the grave, and then they insisted on my going home with them. This I did, and remained all day. It seemed so like old times. We talked of many things, Miss Elizabeth, Miss Evelyn, and I—about the Squire and his queer ways; about my marriage from the Hall, and, above all, of their brother Eugene and his young wife and little daughter. It was because of the child that I had gone to the Hall to live. I had had entire care of Mr. Eugene Darlington's little girl. She was the sweetest little thing. Hair like a sunbeam; eyes as large and blue as corn-flowers. It was only when Mr. Eugene grew so ill, and pined to see her mother and father, that Eugene consented to take her away to the west where they lived. Wisconsin was the state, I remembered. We talked of Mrs. Eugene's death, of Eugene's wandering life after that, of his going out to India, and of his death there.

"And the child, the child," whispered Miss Elizabeth. "Sometimes I think she may be living; sometimes I think she may have died. Sometimes I think we have a trace of her; again it is lost. Oh! to think of having the little thing running about the house!"

"Little thing!" said I. "You forget, Miss Elizabeth, that she would be 22 had she lived until now."

"So she would," said Miss Elizabeth; "so she would. Little Amaranthe! little Amaranthe!"

That was why the name of Miss Dacres had struck me so strangely. It was so unusual a name, and I had never heard it since I had been nursery governess to little Amaranthe Darlington.

[To Be Continued.]

BROWNING'S INSTINCT.

An Illustrative Instance of the Effect of Outward Impressions Upon the Poet.

Robert Browning used to tell a story, which illustrated with startling effect his sensitiveness to outward impressions. It was an incident which occurred in a remote section of France where he used to spend his holidays, says Youth's Companion.

He had taken a stroll toward sunset with his sister, and had reached the crest of a hill which commanded a broad prospect. It was a lovely summer afternoon, and the landscape, with its soft and mellow tints enveloped with yellow haze, was a dream of peace and tranquility.

"Could there be anything more restful than this scene?" the poet exclaimed. "The whole world seems at peace!"

What it was that impelled him to do it, the poet could not afterward explain, unless it was a subtle sense of the necessity for a strong contrasting effect; but he caught his sister's hand, and pointing directly down into the valley below, added:

"Do you see that potato patch there? What would you say if there were a man lying there at this moment who had been foully murdered?"

His sister smiled grimly over the suddenness of the conceit, and they strolled homeward.

The strangest part of the story remains to be told. There was a man lying murdered in the potato patch at the moment when Mr. Browning pointed toward it. The body was found within a few hours, and not long afterward the murderer was arrested and convicted.

The poet's sensitiveness to contrasting effects in nature and in life had enabled him unconsciously to play the part of detective.

How Like a Man!

Mrs. Nockdoodle—Oh, Norris, if you would always be as good, and gentle, and kind as you are at this moment, how happy we might be!

Mr. Nockdoodle (losing his temper instantly, and bellowing at the top of his voice)—Do you mean to say, madam, that I am not always as good and kind as I am at this moment! —Chicago Tribune.

Insult to Injury.

He (reproachfully)—Perhaps you forget what happened yesterday. I was cut by my dearest acquaintance, the one I love best in all the world, in fact—

She (coolly)—The idea! Do you really shave yourself?—Philadelphia Press.

As It Is To-Day.

Famous Patient—Doctor, please give me my medicine now.

Doctor—Pardon me. I'm simply the doctor in charge of issuing bulletins; the other doctor will be here presently.—Chicago Journal.

I-PACK MY-TRUNK

HAT shall I pack up to carry
From the Old Year to the New?
I'll leave out the frets that harry,
Thoughts unjust and doubts untrue.

Angry words — ah, now I rue them!
Selfish deeds and choices blind—
Anyone is welcome to them!
I shall leave them all behind.

Plans? the trunk would need be double.
Hopes? they'd burst the stoutest lid.
Sharp ambitions! last year's stubble!
Take them, Old Year! keep them hid.

All my fears shall be forsaken,
All my failures manifold;
Nothing gloomy shall be taken
To the New Year from the Old.

My contentment, would 'twere greater!
All the courage I possess;
All my trust—there's not much weight there!
All my faith, or more or less.

And I'll pack my choicest treasure,
Smiles I've seen and praises heard,
Memories of unselfish pleasure,
Cheery looks, the kindly word.

Ah, my riches silence cavil!
To my rags I bid adieu!
Like the Croesus I shall travel
From the Old Year to the New.
—Amos R. Wells, in Washington Home Magazine.

OUR PERSONAL INTERESTS.

We Should Endeavor to Benefit from the Lesson That Experience Has Taught Us in the Past.

This assurance of the eternal verities of life and character is something to be truly thankful for, but it is not enough to be thankful—here is something to be eagerly embraced as a step in our own onward progress, writes D. H. R. Goodale, in Country Gentleman. Shall we give our whole lives to the cares of the body, however needful? Shall we not take more thought for the spiritual and intellectual life, in ourselves and in all those with whom we have to do? Will not the New Year give opportunities for a fuller and wider usefulness—happier and more generous activities? These are the things that make life better worth living. In true sympathy, in practical exertion for others as occasion offers, in self denial—for we are called upon to lend our voices, our hands and our purses when required—shall we not in the coming 12 months reach out more freely and extend the use of whatever gifts we possess? Can we not do better than ever before? Have we learned nothing in the past year or years? Have we neither made mistakes by which we can take warning nor gained clews which will serve to guide us?

A year that promises personal advance in the inward gains of experience—a year of earnest effort toward the best that we know, the highest truth that we are able clearly to perceive—cannot fail to be a good year. And it is never too late to take up threads that have been dropped, interests that have been crowded out in the hurry and amid the thronging duties of a busy life. It is a good time to think of them now—to recall the friend or relative or, alas! the friendless one whom we might perhaps have helped, but whom we have lost sight of among a host of pre-occupations. Who cannot recall some neglected or forgotten opportunities? It may be the golden hour is not quite gone. Will it not be a real good fortune if the New Year repairs the omission of the old?. Better still if there are no palpable omissions to repair, but even in that case there may be room for many a good deed before unthought of. Every year may have its blessed beginnings.

NO NEW ONES FOR HIM.

Bradds—"Going to make any new resolutions this year, Spikes?"

Spikes—"New ones? I should say not! I've got a lot of old ones I've never used, by jove!"—Chicago Daily News.

Animal Omens.

The actions and voices of domestic animals on New Year's Day are perhaps considered in some countries more significant than any other omens. A dog's cheerful bark in the morning is a most auspicious sign, while his howl is very unfavorable. To meet a cat on the morn of the New Year is considered by people in the Latin countries as a sign that they will change their residence, and it also betokens ill for the future. Throughout southern Europe it is regarded as a most fortunate sign to see a pig, signifying plenty for the coming twelvemonth. The sight of a snake is the worst conceivable omen, for it means death by violence. To see a jackdaw, magpie or crow is a sign that the beholder will be cheated on all sides during the following year.